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ual forces opposing war. The money markets shudder at its immense cost. Those who lend money and those who pay taxes shrink from it. A newly invented torpedo that can sail out self-navigated, and detach a screw or explode an entire ship, promises to render steam steel-clad navies useless. The machine-gun fired by dynamite or smokeless powder—capable of no human emotion—by a touch, can sweep a regiment of fathers, brothers and sons into eternity or leave them lying maimed, bleeding and helpless on the field.

Workingmen awakened to intelligence, longing for liberty and exercising the suffrage, refuse to be hired or forced into armies. Wives and mothers, sisters and daughters are finding their voices and using their newly conceded rights to prevent and abolish war. The conscience of the churches is growing into harmony with the words and spirit of Jesus Christ. Such are some of the forces that may be trusted to aid this Society in every wise effort to hasten the fulfilment of the words uttered by the coal-touched lips of Isaiah :

"The nations shall learn war no more."

Boston, May 25, 1891.

MEN AND THINGS.

On the next page we print a proposition for three international meetings which go outside of, and, it seems to us, higher than the value of money-making. Would not Churches be more honored by such meetings than by all possible accumulations of trade wares and machinery? We want the latter. We glory in what commerce has done, and is doing to further civilization, but we never ought to substitute it for civilization, or think for a moment that it meets the end of a national being.

A world's congress to promote universal arbitration would be worthy of Columbus. His reigning desire is believed by many to have been to carry the gospel of peace to the remotest tribes of men. *If this quadri-centennial should result in establishing permanently a world's tribunal, to which all differences of civilized nations would be submitted before any appeal to war, it would be second only to the event of establishing the Christian Era.* All meetings looking to this end, and all representative gatherings to promote the discussion of great scientific, philanthropic or socialistic questions would be worthy of Columbus and of the age in which we live. Will not the able and far-seeing management, both local and national, keep in mind and foster such meetings? Such a policy would meet with the hearty approval of all the more thoughtful of our own people and those of other nations.—*Chicago Farm, Field and Stockman.*

We have no sympathy with that boyish egotism, hoarse with cheering for one side, for one State, for one town; the right patriotism consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantages to the benefit of humanity. Every foot of soil has its proper quality, the grape on two sides of the same fence has new flavors; and so every acre on the globe, every family of men, every point of climate has its distinguishing virtues.—*R. W. Emerson.*

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

April 26. At Arlington Heights, morning and evening, preached in a pleasant chapel with a lovely and commanding site.

April 28. Attended the funeral of Mrs. Lucy White Palmer at North Weymouth, Mass., the wife of Rev. F. H. Palmer, stricken down in early womanhood, leaving four little children never to know how much they lost in their loving mother. Soon after leaving her native Hawaii and in company with her recently married husband she came to our Massachusetts home. Since then, in my office, at her own home and in great London, I had renewed my acquaintance and deepened my interest in this gifted, consecrated woman. She seemed to have brought with her to our cold New England, the sunshine of her island home and the spirit of her missionary ancestry. The kingdom of home, where she was a queen, was always to her and to us on account of her, a rich and fruitful province in the kingdom of God. Her poetic insight, her intuitive sympathies, her facile pen and moving speech; her wifehood which to her husband was a part of his very life; her motherliness which was as much marked by loving tact as by conscientious faithfulness; her missionary zeal which was felt in all the region about her and her relations as a pastor's wife to the dear people of his charge, cannot be put in words. The large attendance, the sweet and solemn music, the universally moistened eyes at the funeral, attested all this. Prayer and praise was easy in such a presence, with such memories. "I prefer that nothing be said at my funeral," was her remark, but she afterward consented that a few words might be spoken. She looked death in the face calmly and bravely, buoying up the broken spirit of her husband and strengthening his heart as it tenderly turned to his babes so soon to be motherless. I was permitted to look over and quote from some of the sweet children of her brain so lately throbbing with thought, now so still.

A number of her Hawaiian friends were at the funeral. God's good purpose in the early evangelization of these islands of the central Pacific was not exhausted in the marvellously early conversion of the natives. It can be seen in the character of the missionary children and grandchildren that there and in America testify to the divine goodness and grace. Not knowing what we did, we sent them away to school among the poor lost Hawaiians and they came back to do us good, and when ripe for heaven God takes them to Himself, a peculiar type of His dearest saints. May the peace of God hover over those sunlit islands, whose shores have been surrounded with prayer and washed with tears as entirely and perpetually as by the waters of the ocean.

This is not the place to write more. O Death, thou art a strange teacher! There was no "sting" in thee to her who passed thy portals, nor to us left behind. Our grief cannot be spoken. But we realize that

Sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than mortal ray
As darkness shows us realms of light
We never saw by day.

Over the little hill-top and among the ancient Pilgrim graves where our dear friend asked to be buried, I catch a glimmer of the light not seen on sea or land. It seems almost a mountain of transfiguration, where Jesus appears radiant with glory as if the resurrection had begun.

April 30. At Rockport, Mass., at installation of Rev. Israel Ainsworth, a new and very promising pastorate. A sort of farewell visit to a place and people with which I have been some years familiar. The wide, restless, sobbing sea and the great worn and bleached rocks of the shore do not change, but everything men have made decays and the workmen themselves are fast disappearing.

May 3. At Eliot, Me., attended neighborhood Bible school at the house of Mr. Allen, a Friend, and made a brief address. Preached afternoon and evening on human brotherhood in Christ.

May 19-21. At the Massachusetts General Association of Congregationalists at Marlborough, Mass. This represents the oldest, most numerous and one of the most vigorous religious bodies of the State. It was the original "Standing Order" of Massachusetts, and, at first, about as really established as Episcopacy in England. It lost heavily by the Unitarian division seventy-five years ago, but has rallied. Its greatest losses, those by emigration, have been gains to the West. Its numbers about 100,000 church members and in spite of emigration usually makes a net annual gain. Boston is the headquarters of the denomination in the United States and the point from which most of its missionary operations are carried on. This General Association is a body in which the local organizations of ministers and laymen are represented. It is not a Church Court or Legislature, but is chiefly for gathering statistics, Christian conference and discussions of modes of propagandism.

This meeting with a church organized in the then frontier town of Marlborough in 1666 was deeply interesting to me, not from any discussion of theological differences or mode of church administration but from the practical, earnest and spiritual tone of all the meetings. "The religious future of New England" was a most interesting subject considered. Half a million of French Canadians, 250,000 of them in Massachusetts, was one element of the problem. The French are crowding the Irish from many of the factories; for New England from an agricultural community has become largely a manufacturing district. The commerce of her coast cities is chiefly concerned with manufactures. The cities are growing rapidly; the hill towns are being depleted and the character of the population as a whole has changed. The owners and superintendents of the mills are still natives but the operatives are of foreign birth or parentage. In some of the factory towns the latter have a majority of votes; in others they hold the balance of power. Ignorance of free institutions, want of training in self-government, vicious personal habits and a false theory of liberty prevail among them. Then the remnants of the Anglo-Saxon families, those who are the least vigorous and enterprising and most immoral and irreligious, are not wanting.

How to reach and benefit the sparse population of rural districts and how to make citizens and Christians of the new comers in cities and thus raise New England to what was best in her planting and earlier development is a serious and perplexing question. Some approximation to denominational co-operation is one hopeful sign. Kind and conciliatory conduct toward the alien people and the Roman Catholic masses; the continuous drill in town meetings and public schools, and efforts on the part of this, the oldest and most influential of the denominations, to push its home missionary work not so much to compel credal agreement as to win to Christian virtue and activity, were among the suggestions at the meeting.

The population of Marlborough is 13,000, of which 4000 are French. The Congregational pastor, Rev. A. F. Newton, is an energetic leader in all good enterprises.

The absence from the meeting of any spirit of acrimony in the treatment of immigration, Catholicism or doctrinal divergencies was noticed. A spirit of Christian kindness was manifested and inculcated as the only true and sure way to moral triumphs. If internationalism in the form of love of humanity cannot find a home among the enlightened and progressive children of the Plymouth Pilgrims in America, where else can we hopefully look for it? Some will say such is not their inheritance. Puritans were intolerant towards all sects but their own and intolerant among themselves to any departure from their standard of taste, morals or doctrine. But while the spirit of purity which gave our fathers their nickname remains to their children, the minds of the latter have been hospitable to new truths and duties. They are open minded, large hearted and broadly cultured enough to know and act in the present age. A complete and thorough baptism of love is likely to make the present leaders in Christian aggressiveness in New England not unworthy of the wider leadership which in some instances, at least, has been accorded them in their own and other lands.

June 2-5. The American Home Missionary Society (Congregational) for the seventh time went to Saratoga for its anniversary. In view of my slight experience as a home missionary 1858-59, and my life membership and my desire to see this earnest, benevolent and pushing body of Christians exemplify the principles of the Gospel of Peace, I availed myself of the liberal arrangements of Supt. Watson of the Fitchburg railroad, which runs directly from Boston to Saratoga, and enjoyed a most restful and refreshing trip. The afternoon showers as we skirted Royal River, crossed the Connecticut, and went through the Hoosac mountain, gave the June verdure and blossoms an added beauty. When the sun broke out the streams glanced and flashed among the rocks, and the mountains covered their heads with fleecy clouds. After crossing the Hudson we came northward by the noble Saratoga Lake.

Here in 1856 while in Albany Law School; with an experienced fisherman, U. S. Storekeeper Lansing of Watervliet arsenal, after a drive across the country from West Troy, we secured some fish and had them cooked at a cottage by the negro occupant near the shore. No meal was ever relished better than that late dinner. My Dutch companion rather surprised my State-of-Maine total abstinence ideas and habits by his frequent potations, but to him, the whiskey seemed as harmless as tea or coffee.

The rain to-day made the shady streets at the Springs muddy. The big hotels are not yet open. The circular railroad and the tents for Indians, etc., were not occupied. But the lesser hotels are finer than in most towns of 13,000 and more numerous than in any city smaller than Boston. Dr. Strong's "Sanitarium" is a pleasant resort for the well as it is for those needing treatment and I was content with the small and hardly used little room with a good bed and a lovely window assigned me. The chief part of the house and the great dining-rooms are not yet open. But the parts in use were fully occupied by guests, only a few of whom were there for the meetings. How the multitude of ill-tasting but life-giving springs flow on!

Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D., of New Haven, led our

morning devotions. The singing was sweet and full. We miss Dr. Strong the elder, who, in February last, quietly and with but a brief illness, passed on to the majority. His kind and paternal manners endeared him to the guests. This is my fourth visit, and I notice continued improvements in the provisions for health and comfort.

The meetings opened with an address by Dr. Calkins of Newton, Mass. It was a fresh and suggestive presentation of the duty of rich men to their generation and a plea that business should become a handmaid of religion. The consciences of most of us were not appealed to, and we enjoyed hearing about the duties of the small but most important class of our fellow citizens whom Dr. Calkins has addressed effectively in the clubs of some of the chief cities.

Ex-Gov. Dingley of Maine presided in a graceful manner and made a good opening address on the perils of immigration which the gospel must meet and overcome. The addresses by Superintendents of States, the Women's meetings, and especially the clean-cut and instructive "papers" of the two secretaries, Messrs. Kincaid and Clark, were all excellent. The treasury is \$50,000 in debt by reason of the growth of the work. The note of victory was not unheard, especially in the eloquent and optimistic address on church-building by Secretary Cobb, who believes in cheerfulness as a duty and in the non-presentation of such facts as might show difficulty and failure in administration.

The Sunday-school and Publishing Society was on hand with its ablest men, under whose administration that work has grown marvellously. It has come to the point where the question of means to sustain so many workers is a difficult one. But Dr. G. M. Boynton, its leader, is a man of great resources and executive power.

When I reflect that this single denomination, comparatively small, is doing so much, I rejoice to think of others much larger and wealthier, equally active, and consecrated to the Master's service. The spacious church is filled at all the services. The meetings for devotion are at an hour inconvenient for most to attend. They are brief and likely to be occupied by the consideration of things other than the duty, privilege and power of prayer, without which there will be soon less money to spend, and less wisdom to raise and distribute it.

Does George Müller pray too much? All tendencies of our time are away from the closet, and not till the power generated there is found to be wanting will men learn the fruitlessness of prayerless activities. Prayer is not merely an element in all true Christian progress. It is the only channel through which it can flow. Cut off that access to eternal light, love and wisdom, and human benevolence becomes like the streamless bed of a closed canal. The factory below is in that case no more useless than the "machinery" of doing good.

June 5. To-day was given to an excursion to Lake George. It was a perfect June day and many persons flocked to the railroad station at 10 A. M. and took the train with us for Baldwin at the foot of the Lake, then went on board the "Horicon," a newly painted and renovated steamer, on one of her first trips for the season. We sail some thirty-four miles on the clear, deep, cool waters of this narrow little sea, the mountains towering to no great height (2600 feet), but the constantly changing scene, full of beauty and inspiration. There are many pretty coves and picturesque landings. The fleecy clouds float in shad-

ows over the June verdure of the hillsides. The entire sail to Caldwell at the head of the Lake where we took the cars for Saratoga was one of unmixed pleasure—completely restful and refreshing.

We reached home in time for a seven o'clock tea, but I was too tired to accept the kind invitation of our hosts and of the fifty guests at Dr. Strong's for an evening talk on Peace. Lake George has points in common with the Scottish lakes, but the atmosphere to-day was as clear as that of Italy or Savoy. The Swiss lakes have more magnificent mountains and the English lakes finer forests and villages. But Nature has made Lake George on the whole as beautiful as any inland seas on which I have sailed.

June 6. One of the pleasantest things at this Sanitarium of Dr. Strong's is the voluntary gathering for morning devotions at 9 A. M. The music is sweet and uplifting and how could acquaintance with strangers come through a better channel than common worship in prayer and song. At 10 A. M. I take my departure, via Schenectady with its ancient "Union College," to Utica ninety miles west and thence up the Chenango valley to Sherburne for the Sabbath. A few years since, I fell in love with this narrow but fruitful and lovely valley, and visited Waterville, Oxford and Norwich, and I am glad to renew acquaintance with the people, quite like New Englanders, and the places where civilization planted its first step when marching from the Hudson westward. Beer and whiskey greatly mar Utica around the principal railroad station, but the city abounds in beautiful homes, fine churches and a thriving and busy population of 45,000.

June 7. A pleasant Sabbath at Sherburne, forty-three miles south of Utica; a communion service, a Sunday-school class, a young people's meeting and a union meeting at the Congregational Church and a collection for the cause of Peace. I was made welcome by my old friends, Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Norcross, at the charming parsonage and greatly enjoyed the renewed fellowship. The township has 4000 and the village 1300 people. All around in the valley and stretching up the neighboring hills are dairy farms. Rev. J. C. Hogan of the M. E. Church united with us in the Peace meeting and invited me to his pulpit. A fine monument to the dead soldiers occupies a part of the church grounds, the faded wreaths of Decoration day still withering at its foot.

June 8. Another sunny day, the sun coming over the eastern hills and struggling to pierce the abundant foliage of the shade trees. Spent part of the day at Waterville, the centre and market of this great hop-growing region, and the evening at Utica. Along the railroad at every mile a spare rail is placed on two white posts to replace a broken one if necessary. The hop-fields lie in every direction. If abundant beer were a blessing to mankind, this industry would be far more desirable.

I had a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lawrence of Brooklyn,—for the summer at the delightful home of their son W. A. Lawrence; also a most cordial interview with Dr. Peck of the Presbyterian Church who invited me to occupy his Waterville pulpit.

— Do not overlook the personal and spiritually experimental account which a young missionary gives on page 131 of his preparation for missionary work.